

THE METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Book of Gems. The Poets and Artists of Great Britain.
Edited by S. C. HALL.

This is no Annual. It is something better. Annuals are crowded with the *flowers* of literature. Flowers, though beautiful, are but perishable things—annual, when longest lived; but gems are everlasting—imperishable; they will be as good in the year 1937, as they are in the present year of fine writing and of sin; and all this may be most truly said of the splendid work before us. As far as the letter-press is concerned, in it, nothing is offered to the public that has not passed through the fiery ordeal of criticism, or withstood the corroding tooth of time. In it, the reader will find no sickly sentiment pirated from the last new novel, and manufactured into more sickly rhyme by Ladies Georgiana and Araminta—no chips, and odd ends, and leavings, in prose, of the puff-established popular authors of the day; but good, sterling English poetry, such as a sensible person may not blush to be found reading, which none who read can help remembering, and the quoting of which would be an ornament to any conversation. In this work are collected the choicest morceaux from the works of Addison, Akenside, Armstrong, Barnard, Beattie, Blair, Bloomfield, Brooke, Burns, Chatterton, Churchill, Cotton, Cowper, Cunningham, Darwin, Dyer, Falconer, Gay, Glover, Goldsmith, Gray, Green, Hamilton, Hayley, Hurdis, Jones, Johnson, Langhorne, Lloyd, Lyttleton; but we might go through the alphabet in this manner, and, at almost every letter, find two or three authors ready to fling down their *gems* before the reader. Of the fifty-three exquisite engravings, it is not possible for us to give a list, or a nomenclature of the painters and the artists who have produced them. This book, taken as a whole, is not only a mental, but a manual, triumph. What the painter has so beautifully conceived, the skilful manipulation of the artist has beautifully worked out. In brilliancy of effect, and clearness of touch, we have never seen the engravings of this volume surpassed. Numerous and excellent as they all are, it would really be invidious to make particular mention of any. There is, among them, something that must suit every taste, however fastidious that taste may be. What is technically called the getting up of this volume, is most beautiful and *recherché*. The type

Nov. 1836.—VOL. XVII.—NO. LXVII.

R

was never excelled, and vellum only could surpass the paper in smoothness, and in that substance which ensures durability. The money expended in producing this work is so enormous, that we will not try the credibility of any one by stating it; but large as it is, judging from the results, we think it has been most excellently applied. This work is equally suited to the drawing-room and the study; and its classical contents entitle it to the free masonry of every library. We do not know a better book for foreigners to purchase, as it contains specimens of the best of our poetical literature. We cannot conclude our remarks, without doing justice to the ability the editor has displayed, not only in selecting the best pieces, but in the judicious and spirited manner with which he has commented on their various authors. We ought, perhaps, to mention, that all the plates are both designed and executed by the best artists of which England can boast.

The Great Metropolis. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Lords." 2 Vols.

There are hundreds of thousands of persons who have resided nearly, or perhaps quite, for the whole of their lives in London, without ever having had the spirit of adventure strongly enough upon them to ascend to the top either of the Monument or of St. Paul's, being content to live like mites in a vast cheese, regardless of everything but getting as large a share of the said cheese, not as they can enjoy, but as they can possess. But these are narrow souls, fit only to burrow in the earth, and by no means such as those that the clever author of this work would address. What St. Paul's or the Monument is, in a physical sense, this work is in a moral one. It enables us to see all that is most worth seeing in our metropolis, to know what is most worth knowing. It brings to our view, without the labour of ascending wearisome flights of circular stairs, but through the medium of rounded periods and well-turned sentences, the grandeur, the vastness, and the vices of London. Yet it is not so much a book of statistics, as of moral observation; for the author has contrived not only to pour his strain of philosophy through the palace and the theatre, but also down the filth-encumbered channels of Drury Lane, and the dirt-piled precincts of St. Giles's. Every one in town should read the work, in order that they may know accurately the kind of Babel that he inhabits, and every one out of town should read it also that, according as he is a disciple of Democritus or Heraclitus, he may either laugh at the follies or weep over the miseries of, perhaps, the greatest mass of congregated beings in the world. In the first chapter, the author treats of London's general characteristics; he then passes on to the theatres. On this latter subject, notwithstanding two or three trivial mistakes, he is peculiarly happy. We have then one chapter on the clubs, which is interesting and generally authentic. The author rises, as he walks up-stairs into the hazard-room at Crockford's, nor does he at all sink when he descends into the hells of a minor description, that surround, like so many pits, that great abyss facetiously called "the fishmonger's." The chapter treating on the higher classes is decidedly bad: it is untrue in its general application, and, because it is untrue, unjust to that degree of injustice, that nothing but the purity of the author's motives can extenuate. The sixth chapter, which describes the state of the middle classes, is more fair and far-seeing; and of the seventh chapter, which concludes the first volume, and is devoted to the lower classes, we may say with good old Polonius,—"'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." The whole of the second volume treats of the

literary doings of the metropolis,—a dangerous subject, that the author has handled with consummate tact,—leaning, however, too much to the laudatory, having, generally speaking, a well-buttered sop to cram into the maw of every throat of this many-headed Cerberus, the fourth estate; and yet the author has scarcely done the different periodicals more than justice. There is merit in all of them; though, certainly, the merits of the “Times,” and those of the “Examiner,” are very different kinds of merit indeed. Notwithstanding the author’s desire to give to each its due share of praise, we feel assured that not one of them will be satisfied; but who will not admire the magnanimity of the man who has thus voluntarily thrust his head into the dens of so many animals, from that of the lion down to the obscene satyr. It is thus that he speaks of the overgrown “Times.”

“The journal which is first entitled to notice is ‘The Times.’ The distinction of being the first journal in the country, will be conceded to it by every one, however much he may differ from it in politics. ‘The Times’ once called itself the Leading Journal of Europe; and it has since been sneered at, at least ten thousand times, for so doing, by its opponents. Perhaps the assumption of the title by itself, was not in the best possible taste; but few who know anything of what Sir Robert Peel once called the ‘Journalism’ of Europe, will dispute the justice of its claims to it. For the last twenty years and upwards, during which it has been under the control of Mr. Barnes, it has exercised an influence over the destinies of England such as no other journal ever exercised in this or in any other country. It is not to be denied that it has often represented rather than created public political sentiment; but it is equally true, it has frequently given a tone to public opinion, and a stimulus to public action, on questions of the greatest importance, on which the public mind had been asleep before its voice of thunder was heard. And what no less strikingly attested the power of ‘The Times’ in many of the instances to which I refer, was the wonderfully short time in which its articles produced their intended effect. I recollect that on various occasions the public mind, not only in the metropolis, but throughout the country, has, through its instrumentality, evinced the most intense interest on questions which, but a few weeks previously, no one even thought of, much less talked about.”

After this the author tells us of the abuse lavished on this paper, and the resolutions passed against it, and thus proceeds:—

“Well, and what then? Why, the assemblage have no sooner dispersed from ‘Vite Conduick ‘Us,’ (White Conduit House,) Mr. Savage’s ‘Circus Street Institution,’ or wherever they may have met, than they hasten to the coffee-rooms they respectively ‘use,’ and in gruff tones, throwing at the same time their twopence-halfpenny on the table, holloa out—‘A cup of coffee, slice of bread and butter, and—‘The Times.’”

“It is the same with others in the middle classes of society, who are in the habit of denouncing ‘The Times.’ They also heartily abuse it, and say it ought to be read by no respectable person, at the very moment they are themselves devouring its contents with the utmost voracity. Cobbett was a striking instance of this. The staple matter of his Register, as every one knows who was in the habit of reading it, consisted, sometimes for many consecutive weeks, of the richest specimens of abuse of ‘The Times.’ He excelled all men I ever knew in the art of abuse. When abusing ‘The Times’ he excelled himself. There were a mingled coarseness and cordiality in his vituperation of that journal, which showed that his whole soul was thrown into it: it seemed, indeed, to be ‘marrow to his bones.’ And yet he was a regular reader of ‘The Times;’ it was the first journal he called for in the morning; and it was often the only one he read. I recollect feeling very much surprised one morning I had occasion to be in his house before nine o’clock, not only to see that the ‘Bloody Old Times,’ as, in his own coarse way, he used to call it, was on the table on which he was writing, but that it was the only journal in the house.”

We will now quote a little of the history of the paper.

"*The Times*' was established in 1788. For a long period it was inferior in circulation and influence to '*The Morning Chronicle*,' then under the management of Mr. James Perry. It was not until after the peace of 1815, that '*The Times*' began to take the lead among the daily papers of England. It soon after established its claim to the title, which it subsequently appropriated to itself, of being the leading journal of Europe. Mr. Walter, the father of the present Mr. Walter, was for many years the principal proprietor of the paper. That gentleman also took an active part in its general management. His son, the Member for Berkshire, was the principal contributor of leading articles to it during some of the most eventful years of the war with France. Dr. Stoddart, now Sir John Stoddart, the Governor of Malta, conducted '*The Times*' for several years, ending in 1815 or 1816, when the extreme virulence of his attacks on Napoleon Bonaparte was such, that the proprietors saw the expediency of putting an end to his engagement. So annoyed did Bonaparte, when in the zenith of his power, feel at some of Dr. Stoddart's attacks, that he caused the question to be submitted to some of the leading counsel at the English bar, whether he could proceed against the journal for various articles which he pronounced the grossest libels. Dr. Stoddart, in 1817, started '*The New Times*,' with the double view of opposing '*The Times*,' and still further vilifying Napoleon. The result is well known: '*The New Times*' promised well for some time, but then began gradually to decline. It eventually expired, and '*The Morning Journal*,' conducted by Mr. Alexander, late editor of '*The Liverpool Standard*,' arose, phoenix-like, from its ashes. Its term of existence, however, was of much shorter duration than that of its predecessor—it only lived two or three years. It ceased in 1830,—its circulation having fallen so low as nine hundred copies.

"Mr. Barnes, the present editor of '*The Times*,' succeeded Dr. Stoddart. Mr. Barnes had previously, in 1810 I think, brought himself into favourable notice by a series of sketches of some of the leading public characters of that period, which appeared in '*The Examiner*,'—then the property and under the editorship of the late Mr. John Hunt, brother of Mr. Leigh Hunt. These sketches by Mr. Barnes were afterwards republished in a detached form, and excited much interest from the vigour of their style, and the general accuracy of the author's estimate of the intellectual and political characters of the personages of whom he spoke. Since Mr. Barnes' first connexion with '*The Times*' as editor—he had previously been a reporter—he has, up to the present time, had the entire conduct of the paper. I have seen various statements of his supposed salary as editor. The sum most frequently mentioned is twelve hundred guineas; but it is, I believe, all guess-work, even with those who speak most confidently on the subject. He is understood to have, some years since, become one of the proprietors.

"Captain Stirling has often been mentioned as one of the editors of '*The Times*,' and sometimes as the principal editor. There is not the slightest truth in the report. He has not, and never had, any control whatever over its columns; nor does he ever go to the office. The only connexion he is understood to have with '*The Times*,' is that of having for some years past contributed occasional articles; for which he is said to receive a higher rate of remuneration than was ever paid in any other case for newspaper contributions. It is stated with much confidence, by some parties who affect to be conversant with the most secret arrangements in the leading newspaper offices, that Captain Stirling receives one thousand guineas per annum for the articles he contributes to '*The Times*.' This, like the amount of the salary of Mr. Barnes, is all conjecture. No one either knows the sum he receives or the number of articles he contributes. Perhaps there is no newspaper-office in London, of the private arrangements of which less is known than of those of '*The Times*' office.

"Mr. Alsager, brother of Captain Alsager, Member for the Eastern division of Surrey, has for many years supplied the city article of '*The Times*.' Those who know him intimately give him credit for having a more thorough knowledge of our monetary system and financial regulations than any man alive. If private report speaks truth, he has, by means of his articles in '*The Times*,' on more than one occasion, saved the Directors of the Bank of England from some most serious errors, and the country from the consequences of their blunders. I have heard Mr. Alsager's salary, for his contributions to '*The Times*,' stated by some at seven hundred, and by others at eight hundred guineas per annum. I believe the amount of his remuneration is somewhere about either of these sums."

There is still much more said on the same subject; but we must re-

frain from further extract. That this work will become a valuable addition to our literature, and one equally interesting to foreigners as to ourselves, it would be almost a folly to doubt. That it will meet with severe strictures from ultraism on either hand, we know will be its fortune, and its commendation also.

The Continent in 1835. Sketches in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France, and Statements relative to the existing Aspect of the Protestant Religion in those Countries. By JOHN HOPPUS, M.A., Professor of the Philosophy of the Human Mind and Logic in the University of London.

This talented and learned gentleman, the author of the above work, deeply imbued with the vital and eternal importance of Scripture truths, made what may be called, in one sense, a theological tour over the greatest part of the continent, visiting numerous villages, towns, and cities, earnestly inquiring after the progress of the gospel in whatever part he directed his steps. Upon a review of the whole excursion, he sees nothing that should warrant despair in the mind of the enlightened and evangelical Christian. He finds that, even in those districts that deism and infidelity might once have claimed as their strongholds, the people have begun to hunger after something more substantial than the sophistries of mere human philosophy, and to tremble at the awful idea of annihilation after death. But the crying evil that most afflicts Mr. Hoppus is, that as Papistry has always been the nursing mother of infidelity, so, on the other hand, those who have become horrified at infidelity, instead of seeking the pure waters of Christ, rush into the opposite extreme, and, from believing nothing, believe everything, and embrace Romanism, with all its mummeries of relics, pardons, and indulgences. There is one thing that has much surprised us personally. When we have spoken to any enlightened English Roman Catholic of the absurdities of the Romish faith, its gross superstitions of doctrine, and its still grosser impositions upon the ignorance of the multitude, he will never admit them. Is then, we ask him, this, which follows, true?

“On the day of our arrival at Liege, we were witnesses to one of those pieces of superstition, the frequency of which, in these Catholic countries, every Christian philanthropist must deplore. The whole of that district of the city which is near the church of St. James appeared in motion; and great numbers were flocking toward this point from all quarters: infants were drawn in their cots, and sometimes three generations were seen in companies. The church was full of people: about fifty persons at a time knelt without the rails of an altar; and within stood a priest, who slightly and rapidly touched the eyes of each individual, with a sort of box, or ring, which was fastened on his finger, and which he wiped, every time, with a cloth. The ring was held to every person to kiss, and this precious relic was said to be no other than the ‘true’ and ‘veritable’ eye of St. Odilia, enclosed under glass, in a gold case, and pronounced to be an infallible cure for sore eyes! Once a year, on this day,—the festival of the saint,—all come to this ceremony who have bad eyes, or who are anxious to avoid having them. The guide who led us to the church said that he had formerly received the application;—though quite a youth, the poor fellow seemed perfectly priest-ridden; and when he told us some strange stories about miracles and relics, we found it impossible to shake his belief, and were obliged to leave him fully persuaded of the supernatural virtues of St. Odilia’s ‘veritable eye!’

“Here, as usual, the poor deluded devotee was obliged immediately to pay for a supposed benefit: an acolyte carrying the never-forgotten money-box, followed the priest, and every person contributed a coin. It would require more than an ordinary degree of charity—not to have the impression that this was a shocking spectacle

of extortion and imposture. At the west end of the church they were bringing buckets of water from the ground-floor of the tower, and selling it in tumblers, and bottles. A woman, on being asked what this meant, replied that it was some of the *eau bénite de Sainte Odile, bonne pour les yeux, et bonne pour la purification de l'estomac*:—they were giving it to several very young children; whose minds are thus enslaved by superstition, at the moment when reason dawns! It was humiliating to behold the degradation of the human intellect, in this ridiculous affair; and it was yet more painful to reflect on the deeper moral mischief it involved. We thought the priest did not appear quite comfortable, as we stood gazing, with a variety of emotions, on this piece of folly. Surely this rubbing is more likely to communicate diseases of the eye, than to cure them. It was a relief to turn away from this impious farce, to notice the stained windows, and the coloured ceiling of the church."

And if true, what has the English Catholic gentleman to say in its defence? Is it not a mocking of the Deity on the steps of his own altar? Do the immediate bishops of the district, or does the Pope, interfere to put a stop to this infamous cheat? If the person we address abjures and disintegrates himself from all this, we tell him plainly that he is no longer a Roman Catholic, and that he has much to be thankful for.

Merely as a book of travels, this volume will be found most instructive, and nothing could be better than the moral reflections to which the scenery which has surrounded the author, has given birth. There is also a rapid, but clear and energetic history of each country visited, given with impartiality and elegance. Two volumes more instructive than these cannot be procured, and hardly any, notwithstanding the serious tone of their remarks, more amusing. The only thing about them which we can possibly construe into anything objectionable, is the too liberal tone of the author's politics; but his opinions on this subject are seldom intruded; and we are sorry to say, that this will be held as no fault in a vast body of those who are likely to read the work. We call earnest attention to the vivid representation of the cankered heart of Parisian society, to be found in the last volume—the sure, but dreadful fruits of looseness of opinions on religious subjects.

The Desultory Man. By the Author of "*Richelieu*," "*The Gipsy*," &c. 3 vols.

Mr. James stands deservedly amongst the first of the popular writers of the day, and in the work before us he has not only justified, but enhanced, his reputation. This production consists of a ground-work, or to speak more properly, of a column of chaste design and elegant proportions upon which he has festooned his various and brilliant bouquets, in the form of independent tales. "*The Desultory Man*" is an autobiographical hero, a second son, and doated on by his mother, his father having died during the infancy of the hero. He is a spoilt child, and, upon the death of his elder brother, he becomes the heir-apparent of twelve hundred pounds per annum, and the actual possessor of the sovereignty of his maternal home, the lady having remarried a wealthy banker. This banker, a Mr. Somers, had, like Jephthah, one fair daughter, whom he loved passing well, and whom the "*Desultory Man*" contrives to love much better. But being a desultory, which, when closely scrutinized, means really a foolish man, having won the young lady's affections, (by-the-bye, this Emily Somers is a sweet delineation of female, moral, and physical loveliness,) he insists upon her keeping their betrothment secret, for no better reason that we can gather, than the pleasure of seeing the mouths of so many disappointed foxes watering for the forbidden

grapes; and this concealment is so effectually preserved, that neither the father nor the mother of the respective parties entertain the least suspicion on the subject. Consequently the good man sees nothing unreasonable in promising a half-caste Jew, the son of a Jew bullionaire, his interest in bestowing upon him the hand of his daughter. Indeed, a sort of contingent bargain was made upon the subject. Now this Jew rival is a sort of a Hebrew Adonis, half bandit and half dandy, and his name is Alfred Wild, and he is nearly as deep as his namesake, the far-famed Jonathan of Newgate celebrity. At twenty-one years of age, to a day, the "Desultory Man" asks Emily of her father; this, for the moment, is a check upon the worthy banker that he cannot readily meet; but he compounds with his conscience, and he stops for the present the ceremony, only giving his consent, providing that he will absent himself six months on the continent, in order that the Jew may make love to Emily unmolested, so that he may duly receive from the lady herself the preconcerted refusal. This endeavour to do the Jew had, in the sequel, very disastrous consequences. In the meantime James Young, in all the plenitude of desultoriness, goes idling about the continent, and is supposed to pick up the many interesting tales that form the principal material of the three volumes. They are all good, many excellent, and some of them exquisite. We are not going to give, in an extract, one of the best of these, for alas! the weekly and daily periodicals have been before us, as well in these friendly robberies, as in deserved commendations; but from the following, the reader may form some judgment of the playful style of the narrative.

"LA GALETTE.

"Hunger, that most domineering of all tyrants, took advantage of our ramble to bully us sadly; and though we had not neglected to satisfy his morning demands, before we set out from Dieppe, he contrived to force us into a dirty little cottage at Arques, which the people called 'l'Auberge!' It was the strangest combination of kitchen, and pigsty, and henroost, that ever I saw.

"Cooking and cackling and grunting, were all going on at once when we arrived, and some of the joint produce was offered for our luncheon, in form of a dish of eggs and onions swimming together in lard. The people of the house seemed to consider this mess as the acmé of cookery; but in spite of sundry epithets bestowed upon it, such as *charmant*, *délicieux*, &c., we had bad taste enough to prefer some plain boiled eggs, whose friendly shells had kept them from all contamination.

"I suppose that particular dishes become as it were national property, because they are so nasty that no one can eat them, except those who are brought up to it; but certainly when our mouths have been seasoned to any of these national messes in our youth, everything else seems flat, stale, and unprofitable. They are so intimately combined with all our recollections, that, in after years, they form no small link in that bright chain of memory which binds our affection so strongly to the days of our infancy.

"It is all very bathotic and gross I know, but, nevertheless, salt salmon and peas to a Fleming, gruyere to a Swiss, or barley broth and oatmeal porridge to a Scot, will do more to call up old and sweet remembrances of home and happiness, and early days, than the most elaborate description. But all this is nothing to the power which a *galette* has morally and physically upon a native of Brittany.

"I do not mean to speak anything profanely, but had Eve been a Bretonne, Satan might have offered her an apple to all eternity. She would not have said *thank you* for it. Nay, had it been a whole apple-pie, she would but have turned up her nose, and we might all have been in Paradise up to this present one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven. He might have prated about knowledge too, as long as he liked; it would not have made any difference, for the Bretonnes have seen no blue-stockings since Madame de Sevigné's time, and I never could find ten of them that knew the difference between London and Pekin, or that wished to know it. But if the tempter had offered her a *galette*, good-bye, Paradise! She could never have withstood it. She would but have bargained for a little milk, and a piece of butter, and gone out as quietly as my fire is doing at this moment.

"But it may be necessary to explain what sort of a thing a *galette* is; the receipt is as follows:

"Take a pint of milk or a pint of water, as the case may be, put it into a dirty earthen pan, which has never been washed out since it was made; add a handful of oatmeal, and stir the whole round with your hand, pouring in meal till it be of the consistency of hogwash. Let the mess stand till next morning, then pour it out as you would do a pancake, upon a flat plate of heated iron, called a *galettier*; ascertain that it be not too hot, by any process you may think fit. In Brittany they spit upon it. This being placed over a smoky wood-fire, will produce a sort of tough cake, called a *galette*, which nothing but a Breton or an ostrich can digest.

"In this consists the happiness of a Breton, and all his ideas somehow turn upon this. If you ask a labouring man where he is going, he answers, 'Manger de la *galette*!' If it rains after a drought they tell you, 'Il pleut de la *galette*;' and the height of hospitality is to ask you in 'pour manger de la *galette*.'

"I remember a curious exemplification of what I have said above, which occurred to me during a former residence in Brittany. All orders of monks except that of La Trappe, having been long abolished in France, it is very rare ever to meet with any, except when some solitary old devotee is seen crossing the country upon a pilgrimage, and then he is always distinguished by the 'cockle hat and staff,' under which insignia he passes unquestioned, being considered *in bond*, as mercantile folks would say. However, as I was passing one day through Evran, I was surprised to see a regular Capuchin, walking leisurely through the streets without any symptoms of pilgrimage about him. He was a very reverend-looking personage, clad in his long dark robes, with his cowl thrown back upon his shoulders, and his high forehead and bald head meeting the sun unshrinkingly, as an old friend whom they had been accustomed to encounter every day for many a year. His long beard was as white as snow, and a single lock of hair on his forehead marking where the tonsure had ended, made him look like an old Father Time turned Capuchin.

"He was a native of Brittany, I learnt, and had quitted his convent during the revolution; not, indeed, with any intention of breaking the vow he had taken, or of abandoning the mode of life he had chosen: but it was in order to seek an asylum in some foreign country for himself and his expelled brethren. This he found in Italy, and now, after a thirty years' absence, he had returned under a regular passport to sojourn for a while in his own land.

"The motives for such a man's return puzzled me not a little. The ties between him and the world were broken. Memory and early affections, I thought, could but have small hold on him: or was it because the past was so contrasted with the present, that it had become still dearer to remembrance?

"It was not long before I found means to introduce myself to him, and discovered him to be both an amiable and intelligent man. After some conversation, my curiosity soon led me to the point. 'It is a long way to travel hither from Italy, father,' said I, 'and on foot.'

"'I have made longer journeys, and for a less object,' replied he.

"'True,' I went on, 'this is your native land, and whither will not the love of our country lead us?'

"The Capuchin smiled, 'I did not come for that,' said he.

"'Probably you had relations or friends whom you remembered with affection,' I added; my curiosity more excited than ever.

"'None that I know of,' replied the monk.

"'You think me very inquisitive,' said I.

"'Not in the least,' he answered; 'I am very willing to satisfy you.'

"'Then let me ask you,' I continued, 'if you came hither for some great religious object?'

"'Alas! no, my son,' he replied. 'You give me credit for more zeal or more influence than I possess.'

"'Yet, surely, you had some motive for coming all this way on foot,' said I, putting it half as a question, half as an established position.

"'Oh, certainly,' he replied, 'I had a motive for my journey, and one that is all-sufficient to a native of Brittany. But it was not from any great religious or any great political motive; nor was it either to see my country, my family, or my friends.'

"'Then for what, in the name of heaven, did you come?' exclaimed I.

"'Pour manger de la *galette*,' replied the monk.

In the style of Mr. James, there is often a great approximation to that of Sterne, when the latter is neither half-mad, nor wholly indecent. We meet often, in the work before us, with those sudden and touching passages in which nature goes straight to the heart, as well as the delicately implied humour, and the well-marked assault of wit that characterise the author of "Tristram Shandy." But we must make haste to shorten our notice. The hero, after recording several stories similar to the one that we have quoted, is suddenly roused from his state of apathy, first by a duel, and then, when on the bed of sickness, the consequence of his pugnacity, by the news of the death of his mother, and the probable loss of his Emily. His servant, who had formerly been the valet of his rival, is treacherous, and sends home such a naughty account of his master, as to kill that master's mother, and estrange from him the affections of his love. He posts over to England, and arrives just in time to have one exciting interview with the lady, and to pitch the Jew down stairs. The Jew challenges him, and notwithstanding a warning from Emily, that she will never marry a man that kills another in a duel, James Young goes forth and shoots him. As love introduced him to folly, folly introduced him to madness, and it is some time before he recovers the senses of which he formerly made so ill a use. For a long time afterwards, like Nicholai the bookseller, he saw an optical illusion in the countenance of the slain Alfred Wild. He then begins another kind of sentimental journey through some of the least visited and most interesting parts of the continent—much to the benefit and amusement of the reader. We have also many more tales and anecdotes. At length, towards the conclusion of the third volume, these pleasant things are wound up rather suddenly, at the little town of St. Martin, among the Pyrenees. Alfred Wild is now discovered at the inn really dead. He has been murdered by the false servant, who had spread so much ruin by giving the false accounts that brought on all the misfortunes of the Desultory Man. Alfred Wild and his father had concealed the resuscitation of the former, in order to annoy and distress James Young, and to force Emily to a marriage. Mr. Somers is afterwards a bankrupt, though ultimately he pays everybody, and saves a little property. The hero finds them in the neighbourhood, everything is explained, and, just before the old banker dies, at his request, the marriage between his step-son and daughter takes place. The whole is concluded by a most exciting and melancholy story of the *last*, as yet, French revolution, entitled, "The History of the French Artisan." We endeavour thus to give a general, though necessarily vague, account of these meritorious volumes. They will be found to be, on perusal, more than ordinarily amusing, and not a little instruction will be imbibed with the sensations of pleasure that must accompany the reader throughout the work.

The Student's Cabinet Library of useful Tracts.

Hitherto these have been strangers to us, and now we only know of their existence by two brothers of the family appearing before us of the mature ages of nineteen and twenty, eighteen of the numbers having, it appears, been previously published. They are welcome, late though they be. They have also afforded us much amusement, though of a painful nature, for it is very possible to be amused and pained at the same time. No. Nineteen consists of Professor Hitchcock's "connexion between Geology and the Mosaic account of the creation." The professor says that the Jewish lawgiver's version of the creation is strictly consistent with the science of geology, provided that he will give way a *little*, and allow his text to be modified in a *trifling* manner. Mr. Hitchcock thinks, that,

as there can be no errors of transcription or of the press in the different strata of the earth, and the arrangement of the fossil remains, that the book written by divine inspiration, and which must therefore be wholly and undeniably true, ought to be altered a little here and there, to make Revelation and geology tally. He suggests these alterations, and then, with religion on one hand, and geology on the other, he slides on as smoothly and rapidly, all the way down hill of course, as a losing gamester out of his estate. Well, when the professor has thus concluded, with satisfaction to himself in the nineteenth number, in the twentieth up rises, somewhat in ire, the professor Moses Stewart, and knocks down, with his philological club, all the fine-spun and lofty hypotheses of his geological brother professor. Mr. Stewart, with much Hebrew, and still more indignation, asserts that the account we have in Moses must be accepted in its plain and common-sense view, and that God did truly create out of nothing, in six days, of twenty-four hours each, the whole of the earth, and the materials of which the earth was formed, about six thousand years ago; and, let there be as many fossils produced as would build the tower of Babel, that man was the first created animal on this earth which we inhabit. With a dignified candour, Mr. Stewart confesses that he knows nothing about geology, and he insinuates that every one else is in the same blissful state of ignorance as himself on the subject, when they assert anything not consistent with philology. How dare you, says this philological professor, judge, weigh, and endeavour to correct a Hebrew text by geology, infidels, and half-infidels as you, not perceiving that, at the very same time, he is prejudging and condemning geology by the Hebrew text? They have nothing to do with each other, and he was a fool who first mingled them together. Will people never remember the divine maxim of "render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's."

The History of Brazil, from the Period of the Arrival of the Braganza Family in 1808 to the Abdication of Don Pedro I. in 1831; compiled from State Documents and other Original Sources, forming a Continuation to Southey's History of the Country. By JOHN ARMITAGE, Esq. 2 Vols.

We have read these volumes with a deep and painful interest; for in them we see proofs still more convincing, if proofs were wanted, of how little conducive to public happiness and national prosperity, is the too great control of popular opinion over the executive, let the form of government be whatever it may. The historical epoch contained in this work is nothing but a chronicle of jealousies, dissensions, and insurrections,—the people discontented, and the monarch, at first idolized, when he administered to the passions and the weaknesses of his subjects, and afterwards, when concession after concession produced in them insolence and extortion, almost execrated, and, finally, driven to abdicate. This portion of the history of Brazil is an ambitious undertaking; and, though we do not think it quite equal in style to Southey's, to which this would be a continuation, in information, in impartiality, and that many-sidedness so necessary to an historical work, we think it may fairly be placed alongside its precursor. We would willingly give an extract from this work, did we think it would be of essential service to its author, but, as his strength consists principally in the unimpeachableness of his facts, and in the closeness of their arrangement, and not at all in the brilliancy of his manner in relating them, we might be doing him an injustice whilst we meant to benefit. Not that we would have it thought, for a single moment, that his language is faulty or his sentences ill-con-

structed ; we only mean to say, and we say it under correction, that the author's style has not all that polished majesty that the importance of history has a right to demand. It is certainly the best chronicle of the epoch that it has recorded, and as such we recommend it to general attention.

Speech of William Clay, Esq., M.P. on Moving for the Appointment of a Committee to inquire into the Operation of the Act permitting the Establishment of Joint Stock Banks.

Though this is but a pamphlet, it is a most important one. Every day we feel more and more that we are labouring under the grievance of an inadequate circulation ; a circulation neither sufficient in its quantity, nor trustworthy in its quality. Every fresh inlet for the pouring paper money into circulation is virtually a repeal of Sir Robert Peel's bill, whether that inlet be made through Joint Stock Banks, or by any other means ; and, as this will always bring the price of bullion above the standard value, the Bank of England being obliged to pay in the precious metals, will, to defend themselves, do what they are now doing, limit their issues, and thus hamper all our commercial transactions. As matters now stand, it appears to us, that ultimately these joint stock companies must either ruin the Bank, or force a repeal of Sir Robert Peel's bill ; therefore, we ought not to blame the Bank directors, if they would rather that other parties should be ruined than themselves ; for to hope for the repeal of the bill would be futile. Already, no one can doubt, but that five sovereigns are worth more abroad than a five-pound note ; that this will shortly be the case at home, we have too much reason to apprehend. But Mr. Clay's pamphlet treats of the most judicious manner of bringing this about, and he advocates that the supply of our deficient circulation should be from joint stock banks, the members or partners of which should be liable, in case of failure, to the amount only of their subscriptions, and not to the extent of their fortunes ; but to secure the public, the capital of the bank must be wholly paid up, and its accounts published annually or half-yearly. This plan is better than that of unlimited liability ; the reasons of which it would be too long to state in this notice ; but though this plan is good, it is not the best. In our opinion, there should either be no legislation at all on the subject, and the trading in money should be as free as that in butter or bacon, or the government only, ought to have the power of coining ; in other words, of producing tokens of value, be they either of paper or of metals. Let us be wholly taken care of, or let us wholly take care of ourselves in our money transactions. By the present imperfect laws, there is just so much appearance of security given as to betray us. Joint stock banks will break, legislate upon them as we will. However, every mercantile man is bound to study this pamphlet ; indeed, every person who is so respectable as to draw a check should be acquainted with it. Mr. Clay will make many converts.

Catechism of the Currency and the Exchanges. A new edition enlarged ; to which is prefixed, the Case of the Industrious Classes briefly Stated. By JOHN TAYLOR, Author of "Junius Identified."

This very able work should be read in connexion with the foregoing ; the reader will then perceive that Mr. Clay wishes to reform the hand,

Mr. Taylor the head,—the former to improve the servant, the latter the master. We have formerly spoken in praise of this work; we will not repeat the terms, but we will merely put this question to all persons,—supposing that some one who was apparently deserving of credit informed another, that he was daily robbed by his servant of a few shillings, would not the person warned immediately set about the most minute inquiry? What then shall we say of a nation that is yearly robbed of many, many millions, being the value of the excess of their exports over that of their imports, being told of this astounding fact, and yet her governors and her legislators dozing quietly over the information? That there is too much reason to suppose this to be the case, a perusal of this work will establish.

Gymnasium sive Symbola Critica; intended to Assist the Classical Student in his Endeavours to Attain a Correct Latin Prose Style, abridged. By the Rev. ALEXANDER CROMBIE, LL.D., F.R.S., and M.R.S.L.

This work ought to be familiar to every reader studying the Latin language, and a severe attention to it cannot fail to improve the style of any one who wishes to express himself in his own language with purity and elegance. It consists principally of nice distinctions between words nearly synonymous, but which cannot be accurately used in the same sense in various predicaments. After stating the different distinctions, there is always a subsequent exercise, in which the student may apply them correctly. So well is this work completed, that had it been written in Latin nearly two thousand years ago, it would have been a valuable acquisition to Rome in the Augustan age, and its classical writers convicted by it of a few errors. In the simplicity of our hearts we cannot help thinking that it would have been more generally useful than it is now. This volume could not have been produced without a combination of first-rate talent with the deepest erudition. But as it is a work very widely known, we may be excused for not dwelling longer on the subject, but commend it to its deserved reputation.

On the Disease of the Hip Joint, with Plain and Coloured Plates.

By WILLIAM COULSON, Consulting Surgeon to the London Lying-in Hospital, &c. &c. &c.

The thousands of lives that have been sacrificed by persons held to be fully competent in general practice, but who have neither had the time nor could gain the experience necessary to the study of occult and particular diseases, should make the public grateful to those benefactors of the human race who, like Mr. Coulson, devote their talents to the elucidation of a specific disease. We had almost said, after a careful perusal of this work, that science had nothing more to demand on the subject on which it treats. Though we use the authoritative we, the opinion expressed in this short notice is that of a physician, than whom a more enlightened judge does not exist. The plates will be found of a very superior description, and we hold it to be a duty of every practitioner to make himself acquainted with this publication; for there is no excuse for those who stumble on in the dark when the light is offered to them.

The Old World and the New ; or a Journal of Reflections and Observations made on a Tour in Europe. By the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, late of New Bedford, U. S. 2 Vols.

With the tour, strictly so called, the English reader will be but little interested. The description that the author has given us of localities, both on the continent and at home, will be found, though animated and elegantly narrated, to have nothing like novelty to recommend it. The most striking features in the work, are certainly the "author's reflections and observations," and to which we should wish to call the general attention. We never before met with a republican so ardent, and, at the same time, so liberal and so graceful. With intrepidity quite uncommon in controversial subjects, and subjects at the same time political, he admits all the weaknesses and the errors of his countrymen, and the unhappy results of the faults of the constitution under which they live ; yet, notwithstanding their mob domination—their wholesale practices of Lynch law, and the surprising strides that the whole fabric of their society appears to be making towards disorganisation, we do not mean into minute masses, but into large portions of adverse interests, Mr. Dewey still believes that the Americans are living under the most perfect form of government now existing—a belief certainly very honourable in an American. He accounts for all transatlantic evils and crimes, by stating, that the American republic is in a state of transition. It is so—but it is progressing to what ? To the greatest state of perfection to which human institutions can arrive, he asserts. For the sake of humanity we hope, of what our reason bids us doubt. There can be no public happiness without repose, and no repose under the sway of democracy ; for, after all, when the matter is sifted thoroughly, what is democracy but the collision and contention of many little tyrants in order to establish one great tyranny. But this is not a place in which to endeavour to confute the notions of this amiable gentleman. Adverse as we are to tread on politics, we cannot help liking him for the benevolent and Christian tone of his work ; and we, hardened as we are against all attempts of writers to take our feelings by surprise, felt a thrill all over us, when we found this gentle American so unaffectedly and warm-heartedly hailing England as his *Father-land*. For very many and cogent reasons, we recommend this work, and the author will be not the less respected by an Englishman for the love of the domestic hearth, and the manner in which he thus concludes his two excellent volumes. "May 22.—Land! land! Were there ever four letters that expressed so much as these four? Yes, there are four letters that express more—the four that spell—HOME."

History of Southern Africa, comprising the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Seychelles, &c. By MONTGOMERY MARTIN, F.R.S.

This work, in one neatly bound volume, is an acquisition to our geographical and statistical literature. It gives a clear and succinct account of all that is most necessary to be known of the places of which it treats, in a style at once clear, easy, and unaffected. We have every reason to believe that this portion of the globe is rising rapidly into importance, and that, as yet, its vast resources are only beginning to be appreciated. We would recommend this work for the use of the school-room, whether in public seminaries or private families.

Zohrab, or the Hostage. By JAMES MORIER, Esq.

This highly-popular novel is now reprinted in one volume, and forms the fifty-fourth number of the "Standard Novels." Though the last in the list, at present, it stands among the very first in merit. The whole tone of the work is completely Persian; and it has everything of the truth of history about it, excepting in mere matters-of-fact. It can be very well understood that a person may accurately describe the manners, feelings, and costumes of a people, and yet not one of the incidents upon which he hangs all these relations be true, and this fabrication may give one a better idea of the nation, than a mere dry detail of absolute facts. There is a great deal of humour in this tale, as well as the boldest delineations of morals and of character. Nor are the events recorded so widely errant from truth, as to make those well versed in Persian history start. The frontispiece and the vignette title-page of this volume are exceedingly well executed; so well, indeed, that we look upon it as a matter of justice to record the painter and the engraver, the former of whom is Mr. Cause, the latter Mr. Greathatch. Very few people care to read a novel twice, ourselves among the number; yet when we took up this "Zohrab," may his father's grave be defiled! so fascinating did we find the record of his actions, that, much to our after annoyance, we could not again quit the book until we had fairly read it through, even from its Alpha to its Omega, and found ourselves the next day, when a friend called and asked us, "How we did?" answering, "I am your sacrifice—well."

Observations on the Curiosities of Nature. By the late WILLIAM BIRT, Esq. of Plymouth, Devon, Author of "Rambles in London," "Reflections on Banks," &c.

This is the most discursive volume with which we have lately met. The contents of it are, however, generally good. The book is edited by the author's nephew, T. Seymour Birt, Esq., M.R.S., M.R.A.S., &c. of the Bengal Engineers, and this gentleman has done his work creditably. It would be impossible, without writing a work as large as the one that we are noticing, to remark upon the numerous essays, much over one hundred, that it contains. We can only say generally, that they are written in an amiable and Christian spirit; that the author never speaks upon a subject without being fully acquainted with it in all its bearings, and that he has produced an excellent book for desultory reading. If we were compelled to mention a fault, we should say that, at times, the author appears to be a little too credulous.

Lessons for the Heart, selected from the best Examples for the Improvement of Young Persons. By the Author of "The Odd Volume," "Cabinet of Youth," &c. &c.

This is only a selection, but it is a good one, every portion of which is directed to the eradicating of some vice, or the implanting of some virtue. It is very handsomely got up, and though it has no pretensions to the splendour of an Annual, it would form a very elegant gift at this season of the year to youths of either sex. Our commendation of it, though brief, is sincere.

A History of British Quadrupeds. By THOMAS BELL, F.R.S., F.L.S.,
Lecturer of Comparative Anatomy at Guy's Hospital.

This third number is a most interesting one, giving the reader accounts but hitherto little known of the habits of the mole, three or four different species of field-mice, the badger, the otter, and the weasel. The instincts of these various animals are wonderful, and, we think that the mole especially will gain in the public estimation by a perusal of this part. But few persons can know that this little animal is very voracious, and that abstinence of a few hours duration is fatal to it. Like other great eaters, it requires a constant supply of drink, and this want is administered to by this natural earth-borer sinking wells for itself, and with so much tact as to situation, as almost always to be nearly filled with water. The wood-cuts and the vignettes are of the highest order of the art; indeed, the latter are equal in design to those exquisite productions of Bewick, and much superior in execution. Those representing the badger-bait and the otter-hunt are proofs of this. This work will be an acquisition to the literature of the country.

The Pictorial Bible, being the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorised Versions. Illustrated by many Hundred Wood-cuts, &c. &c. To which are added, Original Notes, chiefly explanatory of the Engravings, and of such Passages connected with the History of the Sacred Scriptures as require Observation.

The eighth part of this enterprising work, carrying the Holy Scriptures forward to the 8th chapter of the 1st of Samuel, is now before the public; and in no point does it fall off from that excellence with which it was begun, and in which it has been hitherto maintained. The plates descriptive of the various species of shields in use among the different nations of antiquity will be found curious and instructive; whilst there can be no doubt of their being authentic, as they are taken from statues and bas reliefs. The notes contain a fund of useful information, and are very properly chary of doctrinal and polemic reflections. This will, when complete, make a splendid Bible.

The Naturalist; illustrative of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, (to be continued Monthly,) with a highly-finished Coloured Engraving, and illustrated with Woodcuts. Conducted by B. MAUND, and W. HOLL, Esq., assisted by several eminent scientific men.

We proceed shortly to notice the second number of this well-intentioned periodical, and to inform our friends that it contains, firstly, an account of the lesser Whitethroat, from the pen of Edward Blyth, Esq., and a paper on the differences between the vertebrated and invertebrated animals, by Robert Mudie; very interesting notices of cuttings in a district of the London and Birmingham railway, by the Rev. Mr. Ball; an account of the level of Hatfield Chase, by the Rev. Mr. Morris, and several shorter papers, all of a very instructive nature. This work ought to procure for itself an extensive patronage

Library of Fiction ; or, Family Story Teller, consisting of Original Tales, Essays, and Sketches of Character.

This periodical has taken a more lofty, a more discursive, and consequently a much improved flight. The present, the seventh number, twin-born with the Pickwickian drollery, contains some tales of a very high order. The first, called "The Old Farm House," is edited by the Countess of Blessington, an assurance of merit on which all may safely rely. This tale is familiar to us. It formed the plot of a piece, the title of which we forget, that was banished from the stage by all the audience rising with a universal shriek of horror, at the dreadful catastrophe. Though it is an atrocity of nature too agonizing for a theatrical performance, it is well adapted to narrative, and it is here well narrated. "The Hebrew Brothers" has about it a very classical air, and the "Miss Smith at Home" is very Bozzy, which means very good after a good model. Of the last piece, "The Imageman," we cannot speak so highly; but it is, after all, above mediocrity. We should be doing an injustice to the publishers, did we not remark, that in all the novelties that have yet appeared in the Library of Fiction, there is not one that has contained aught that might shock the purity of the most rigid moralist, or wound the feelings of the most serious Christian. It may safely be admitted into families.

The Botanist ; containing accurately Coloured Figures of Tender and Ornamental Plants ; with Descriptions, Scientific and Popular, to convey both Moral and Intellectual Gratification. Conducted by B. MAUND, F.L.S., assisted by the Rev. J. S. HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., &c. &c. &c., Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge.

Ladies ! for you all love flowers ; and ye, the admirers of nature, does not the title of the above periodical promise you great enjoyment ? and can that promise be falsified when it is guaranteed by such names as are to be found in this title-page ? If we may judge from this, the first number, the promise will not be falsified. The engraving and the colouring of the flowers are really excellent specimens of art. The size of this publication is most convenient, and the numbers will hereafter bind up into beautiful volumes. In our next we shall describe, at length, the judicious manner in which each particular flower is treated. We would recommend our readers to become early subscribers to this work, as we anticipate confidently, that it will become not only extremely popular, but from a general demand be likely to become extremely scarce.

Valpy's History of England, by Hume and Smollett. With a Continuation, by the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D.

We have now this history of England brought down to the last year, and there can be no doubt that it is the most complete at the present extant. In the progress of this work, we have continually given it our meed of deserved praise, and we now congratulate the continuator on his having so triumphantly completed his labours *pro hac vice*, but we heartily wish that he may persevere in supplying the public with a continuation for, at least, half a century to come. We add to this, our brief notice, a short extract, in order that the reader may form his own opinion of the style and diction of the historian.

"CHARACTER OF GEORGE CANNING.

"The close of the session of 1827 was soon followed by a public calamity, which again dismembered the government, and disappointed all those hopes, which the genius and enlightened principles of Mr. Canning had raised in the British nation. Parliament had no sooner separated, than this able minister issued orders to the heads of different departments, that they should transmit to him accurate and detailed accounts of the expenses connected with their several establishments, with a view to the reduction of our national burdens: on the fifteenth of July he became seriously indisposed; but after a few days of rest he determined to resume his official duties, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his medical attendants: on the twenty-fifth he retired, for change of air, to the beautiful seat of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick; but the fatigues and cares of office, with the desertion and bitter hostility of his ministerial colleagues, acting on a frame naturally irritable, and enfeebled by recent illness, hastened his dissolution, just when the ebullition of that hostility was contributing to develop his genuine constitutional principles. His disease terminated in a severe inflammation of the bowels; and, after suffering the most excruciating tortures, he breathed his last, on the 8th of August, in the same room where his great predecessor, Charles James Fox, expired: he was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the foot of Mr. Pitt's grave; and his funeral, though private, was attended by a large concourse of noble and estimable personages, among whom was scarcely one, to whom the illustrious deceased was not endeared by the ties of relationship, or the recollections of friendship and kindness.

"The public character of Mr. Canning was clearly seen in the altered policy of our government, both foreign and domestic, during his connexion with the Liverpool administration: his ambition, like that of Chatham, to whom as a minister and statesman, he bore the nearest resemblance, was lofty and imperious; but it was directed to noble ends; to the glory of his own country, and the advancement, through her greatness, of the best interests of other nations: his anxiety was, that all should benefit, not only by her commercial prosperity, but by the blessings of her constitution; and when he was constrained to wield her thunders, it was only to check the spirit of despotic tyranny, and to keep Great Britain in her natural sphere as the protectress of those who aspired to freedom. He exhibited a splendid contrast to certain characters of the present day; who, having entered on public life as the advocates of liberal and patriotic sentiments, have degenerated into bigoted defenders of antiquated opinions, and selfish supporters of intolerable abuses: Mr. Canning, on the contrary, though party introduced him into the senate, and tory principles long secured to him a place in the administration, gradually imbibed, and became insensibly influenced by, the free spirit of the British constitution; until at length, enlightened by experience, he cast off the trammels of that oligarchy, with which early ambition had associated him, but to which he owed no natural allegiance. Being determined to uphold the noble fabric reared by our forefathers, he contemplated with horror any attempt to endanger its foundation, or to alter its character; but when he found that the principles which he once professed began to threaten its safety, he abandoned them as far as he thought expedient; and, conciliating his political opponents without submitting to their dictation, he availed himself of their assistance to carry on his measures of regeneration. England regretted in him the most accomplished orator that the enlightened spirit of the age had yet produced; and the liberal portion of Europe mourned over the loss of his moral influence, as a great calamity to the world at large."

The Naval History of Great Britain; a New and greatly Improved Edition brought down to the Present Time. By EDWARD PELHAM BRENTON, Captain R.N. Dedicated by Permission to his Majesty.

"The field of literature that the gallant captain has selected to cultivate, and a noble one it is, he has planted with no flowers, but filled it with corn even to abundance. He has given us the substantial and the useful, and crowded upon each other so closely, genuine facts and sterling

Nov. 1836.—VOL. XVII.—NO. LXVII.

observations, that he has left no room for the flourishes of rhetoric, or the meretricious ornaments of style. We extremely regret that we did not receive these numbers regularly in the order in which they appeared, so that we might have commented upon each separately, and thus have done justice to them in the detail; but booksellers generally remind us of the English proverb, that "it never rains but it pours," and still more appropriately of the Portuguese aphorism, being, like their national devil, "never good but they are too good." In conformity with these sayings, we have five numbers of this Naval History sent us at once, thus preventing us, by the multiplicity of their contents, from giving the work that attention that its genuine merits, and the zeal and talent of Captain Brenton, may justly demand. The author commences his work by giving the reader the state of the nation in 1784, and from which point his naval history commences. There is always, and very properly, a running accompaniment of general history connected with the great naval events that he records; and the first great naval action of which he gives an account, is, singularly enough, one between the Russian and Swedish fleets; but this is not at all extraneous to his subject, as it is one bearing strongly on English maritime affairs. We have a very graphic description of the occupation and abandonment of Toulon, under the superintendence of Lord Hood; on which operation the author lavishes his strictures freely, and, we think, justly. The first great English naval engagement that his work commemorates, is Lord Howe's action of the 1st of June, and we much admire the fearless manner in which the captain comments upon that affair. We think the judgment that he passes upon it correct. Our opinion is, that it was begun on the part of the English with judgment, fought with a truly British spirit, and followed up with an imbecility that would disgrace a tea-drinking old woman. Yes, it was a victory, but a most vexatious one—not one such as we hope that our future Nelsons will win. Of course, in the interims of the general actions, we have all the skirmishes between fleets, the single encounters between ships and small squadrons, and other minor nautical enterprises, most of which will be found to have been highly glorious to the British name. Sir John Jervis's action on St. Valentine's day is spiritedly narrated, and that justice is done to the admiral, which seems to have been but too grudgingly yielded to him by the administration of the day. Duncan's battle of Camperdown is the next in order, and was, on both sides, well contended for. Indeed, this was a more momentous affair than it is generally supposed to have been. Till then the English sailor, though he always *knew* that he could beat the French equal-handed, only *thought* that he could beat the Dutch. This glorious victory made him sure of it. We will make no remark upon Nelson's unfortunate attack upon the capital of Teneriffe, further than saying, that it was what heroes sometimes like to attempt—an impossibility. But we see this wonderful man in all his glory at the battle of the Nile. Brenton, in his energetic manner of relating it, has almost done it justice. It certainly is a spirit-stirring account, and should be read and re-read by our youth, whether they be destined for the naval service or not. But we cannot thus follow the gallant captain step by step through the five numbers of his work that we have received. Though there are no limits to the glory and superiority of our navy, and those who command it, there must be some to our notice of the work that records it. But we must still be permitted to say a few words more on this history, by giving that part of it that treats of the mutiny at Spithead and the Nore, our unqualified approbation. While the mutineers are properly reprobated, they have justice done to them for all that was upright in their motives, and honourable in their conduct, whilst they had the safety, nay, the very existence of the empire in their keeping. That transaction was a melancholy, yet proud event for England. What nation, either ancient or modern, could show the sub-

lime spectacle of the many in open and successful revolt against authority, yet never for a moment forgetting their respect to those officers who had behaved to them with common humanity, their primal duty to their country, or their loyalty to the king. We say, that though mutiny is at all times detestable, their after conduct, when their great guilt was incurred, was most noble, and almost sanctified their previous conduct. Would the glory-worshipping French have done thus? Let us ever treat our gallant seamen with that respect that their conduct as a body has always commanded—let us be more eager to remedy their grievances than they are to mention them—and, above all, let us do all that we can, by liberality towards them, to raise them to that rank in the social scale, that their fidelity, their gallantry, and their generous hearts deserve. We are now going to scold a little, but a very little, our gallant author; we know well that the fault which we are about to attribute to him can be extenuated by a thousand honourable feelings, but he should always bear in mind, that the noblest office in history is not merely to chronicle events, but to teach, to amend, and to reform; and that when he took in his hand the pen of the historian, he should have done it with the same independent feelings with which he girded on his sword on the quarter-deck, his bosom swelling with high resolve to do his duty fearlessly, and in the common parlance of his profession, without “favour or affection.” Why then does he throughout his work evince this trepidation when he censures? why usher in deserved castigation with so many hesitating apologies? It is true, that the apologies are made to the service, and not to the offender—but the service needs them not. This service has been ours, and we love it still, and much are we attached to most that belong to it; but it is composed of men—*Englishmen* of course, or it would not be the glorious thing that it is—but there have been, there are, and there ever will be, black sheep amongst them. The good officers are in the proportion of about ninety-five in the hundred; but among the black five there are to be found some of the most prejudiced, pig-headed, overbearing brutes and ninnies, that ever made themselves fools, or those under them miserable. There is a moral and an inevitable cause for this, which we have here no room to elaborate. Let not Captain Brenton pay the naval service the ill compliment to suppose that it cannot have its acts and its members freely commented on.

An Historical Account of the Circumnavigation of the Globe, and of the Progress and Discovery of the Pacific Ocean, from the Voyage of Magellan to the death of Cook.

It would scarcely be possible to find a more attractive title than the above, and the work to which it is prefixed is perfectly in accordance with it. This volume forms the twenty-first number of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, an undertaking that has been always remarkable for the excellence both of its original and selected matter. Cook's voyages and life are well known—those of Magellan and his fate much less so. Though one of the vessels of the latter explorer completed the circumnavigatory voyage, the bones of the chief were left to decorate the triumph of an obscure and savage race of islanders, upon whom, in the arrogance of his heart, he unnecessarily made war. We are sure that the work before us must become highly popular, particularly among the young. Though its contents were already so familiar to us, when we had taken up the work, so absorbing is the interest which it inspires, that we were beguiled, to the detriment of other business, to peruse the whole of it.

C. Crispi Sallustii Opera, with an English Commentary, and Geographical and Historical Indexes. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D.
A new Edition, thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged.

We have not the time, or verily but little inclination, to compare the text of this well-produced edition with others that have preceded it, but we have read the notes, and the biographical sketch of Sallust, and we find them exceedingly well done. Indeed, the sketch will be found deeply interesting in a critical as well as an historical point of view. We are bound to state, taking everything into consideration, that, in the words of its own advertisement, it will be found to be one of the most accurate school classics yet produced in England.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, containing a faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. With Illustrations.

Boz goes on triumphing, and has again proved to the world that the comic muse is not yet quite defunct. The seventh number of this Pickwickian risibility has more than rivalled the preceding six. The sporting excursion on the 1st of September, which was undertaken with all the strength of the club, still more strong in its adjutant, Sam Weller, is one of the best things of the sort that we have ever read. The impounding of the dignified leader in a barrow, among the pigs and the asses, in the village receptacle for the wandering, is a happy hit, and, though a most powerful, still a most probable one. For quiet humour, and keen satirical acumen, the interview with the lawyers is really not to be surpassed. The next number promises us a rich treat. We are just admitted into the vestibule, with the folding-doors partially opened, that are to disclose some rich scenes—upon which we are impatient to enter.

Coulson on the Deformities of the Chest.

As friends of the fair sex, we earnestly recommend this little volume to their serious consideration. It fully describes the frightful evils which are the result of tight-lacing, and distinctly shows that such unnatural compressions of the chest rather tend to detract from than add to the symmetry of the frame. To those suffering from the evils on which this work treats, it will be invaluable, and we trust that its hints may not be lost on those in the full possession of health, if they wish to preserve that blessing.

Popular Songs of the Germans, with a Translation of all unusual Words and difficult Passages, and Explanatory Notes. By WILHELM KLAUER-KATTOWSKI, from Mecklenburg Schwerin, Professor of the German and Northern Languages, &c. &c.

We most heartily welcome the arrival of this stranger amongst us, and rejoice to see that advent honoured by names so august and noble in the subscription list. Much of the character of a nation is indicated by the lyrical effusions that are patronised by the majority of the middling, and by all the lower, classes. Germany was always a musical nation; but, of

late years, it has become eminently so ; and yet, with the increase of their refinement, they not only have popular songs, but songs that remain so. We have also popular songs in England, with the popularity of a month ; for all our songs, with but very few exceptions, pass away with the fleeting fashions of the day. When we have a school of music of our own, these evils will no longer exist. We think that the edition of the German popular songs now before us would have been much improved, and certainly have commanded a much wider circulation, had there been a literal translation on the opposite page to each song. At present, it is a sealed book to all that are not well acquainted with the German language.

Sir Orfeo, and other Poems.

If this be the first flight of a young poet, and we presume that it is, it is a bold and a lofty one, and one from which we augur future good things. "Sir Orfeo" is a versified old romance, and the writer seems to have well taken up the spirit of the ancient lay. Many of the sonnets, and of the shorter pieces that are found at the conclusion of this little volume, have just pretensions to be called beautiful. Heartily do we wish that the author may find a patron—in the public.

Essays towards the History of Painting. By Mrs. CALCOT.

We much admire the modesty of the title prefixed to this clever work. It might, very justly, have assumed one much more imposing. The reader will find, in this volume, almost as much as is necessary to be known, concerning the skill of the ancient professors of this art. As to attempts to inquire into its origin, they must always be as futile as they are ridiculous, and will remind us of Sancho's simple gratitude to the man who first invented sleep. Wherever man is found, will also be found some attempt at the imitative art. Mrs. Calcot, therefore, does rightly in passing rapidly over this part of the subject. She is very diffuse and instructive on the Grecian painters ; and has, altogether, produced a very amusing, as well as an improving, work.

The Parent's Guide for the Mental and Physical Education of their Children. By CHARLES WALL.

This is a very ably-executed work, and really deserves the most serious attention from all who may have children under their care. Almost every contingency that may happen to them is noticed and provided for, and, as far as their moral government is concerned, nothing could be more complete than the instructions that are laid down in this little volume. We make no doubt but that the medical directions are equally good ; but still we always think that, when physic is to be administered, it should always, if possible, be under the immediate direction of a medical adviser. There can be no question but that the remedies mentioned in this book are the best ; but parents may possibly mistake the disease. With this caution we recommend this work heartily.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The Grammatical Spelling Book, arranged for the Simultaneous Teaching of Orthography and Grammar; with Parsing Exercises and Reading Lessons. By CHARLES WALL.—We think this a very good elementary work, well-calculated to shorten the first paths to learning, and likely to supersede many of the old-fashioned, quaint, and tedious spelling-books.

Memoirs of Madame Malibran de Beriot, with Anecdotes, &c. By J. NATHAN, Author of "The Hebrew Melodies," "Musurgia Vocalis," &c.—This is very well as far as it goes; but it is a mere sketch, with which the public will not, and ought not to be, satisfied. Mr. Nathan has brought to his task a very commendable enthusiasm for the object of his memoirs, and, therefore, they do not lack energy.

Lays of Poland. By the Author of "The Sea Walk."—The poet has caught that enthusiasm that noble spirits will always feel against oppression, and which is an inspiration that is quite as lofty as any that can be derived from sources the most classical. Nor do these aspirations want literary merit.

Alice, or, Love's Triumph; a metrical Romance: with other Poems. By JOSEPH MIDDLETON, a Minor.—There is some promise in this that the minor may one day succeed in the weaving of sweet verse. We will not recommend any one to read these poems—for we have read them.

The Garland; or, Chichester, West Sussex, and East Hampshire Repository. Edited by P. L. SIMMONDS.—We have received the fourth and fifth numbers of this neat little periodical, and find them contain many readable, and some really good contributions. The editor's own productions are always excellent.

THE ANNUALS.

THERE will be a brilliant muster, this season, of these pageantries of literature, of this quota of household troops, voted by the fourth estate for the public service of the ensuing year. Already is our drawing-room table crowded with specimens of velvet and morocco gorgeousness, in all manner of glorious colours. But, for this month, we will notice none of them individually. They profess themselves to be the "Literature Militant for the year 1837;" if, therefore, we give them our introductory flourish of trumpets a whole month before they have legally made their appearance, it ought to be held as highly satisfactory. In the month of November they shall pass in review before us—and then—woe to the absent—scourges and the halberds.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman, by the Countess of Blessington, with six Plates, from drawings by E. T. Parris. 1 vol. post 8vo. 14s.
The Human Brain; its Configuration, Structure, &c. By S. Solly. 12mo. 12s. 6d.
Transactions of the Zoological Society of London. Vol. II. Part I. 20s. plain, 32s. coloured.

- Facts and Cases in Obstetric Medicine. By J. T. Ingleby. 8vo. 9s.
 Four Lectures on Evidences and Doctrines of the Christian Religion. By Thomas Wood. 8vo. 4s.
 Dissertation on the Duration of our Lord's Ministry. By Dr. Lant Carpenter. 8vo. 5s.
 Description of the Ancient Marbles in the British Museum, with Engravings. Part VII. 4to. 2l. 2s.
 Elements of the Practice of Medicine. By Dr. R. Bright and Dr. Thos. Addison. Part I. 8vo. 4s.
 Lectures on the Doctrines, &c. of the Catholic Church. By Dr. N. Wiseman. 2 vols. 12mo. 8s. 6d.
 Collections of Vases, Candelabra, &c. &c. By H. Moses. One hundred and fifty Plates. 4to. 3l. 3s.
 Select Plays from Shakspeare. By E. Slater. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 Brande's Manual of Chemistry. Fourth edition. 1 vol. 8vo. 30s.
 Floral Conversation Cards, in case. 12s.
 Historical Treatises. Translated from the German of A. H. L. Heeren. 8vo. 15s.
 The Book of Christian Gems. By the Rev. Joseph Jones, M.A. 12mo. 7s.
 The Fleur-de-Lis. By E. L. Cope. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
 Affection's Keepsake. Original Poetry, for 1837. 32mo. 2s. 6d.
 T. B. Curling on Tetanus, being the Jacksonian Prize Essay for 1834. 8vo. 8s.
 Guy's Hospital Reports. Vol. I. 8vo. 13s.
 Twelve Months in the British Legion. By an Officer of the 9th Regiment. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
 Cater's Law and Regulations of the Customs, 1836—7. Foolscap 8vo. 7s.: ditto, Duties of Customs. Foolscap, 1s. 6d.
 Dr. Tholuck on the Doctrine of Sin, &c.; translated from the German. Foolscap 8vo. 5s.
 The Philanthropist; a Tale. By a Lady. Foolscap, 6s.
 Gems of Beauty; twelve Engravings, from designs by E. T. Parris, Esq. Edited by Lady Blessington. Imperial 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 The Keepsake for 1837, with eighteen Engravings. Edited by Lady E. S. Wortley. 8vo. 1l. 1s. in silk; royal 8vo. proofs, 2l. 12s. 6d.
 Book of Beauty, 1837. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. With nineteen Plates, 21s.; India Proofs, 2l. 12s. 6d.
 A Practical Treatise on Banking. By J. W. Gilbert. 4th edit. 8vo. 6s.
 An Account of the Watering Places on the Continent, and their Mineral Springs. By Edwin Lee. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Practical Demonstration of the Human Skeleton. By George Elkington. 12mo. 7s.
 Cruttwell's Original Housekeeper's Account Book for 1837. 4to. 2s.
 Phrenology Vindicated. By Joshua T. Smith. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
 Temper Sweetened. By J. Thornton. 18mo. 1s.
 One Hundred Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons. By a Dissenting Minister. Vol. II. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
 Collection of Decisions for Revising the List of Electors. By W. F. A. Delane. 2nd edit. 12mo. 12s.
 Ellis's British Tariff, 1836—1837. 12mo. 5s.
 Sketches on the Continent in 1835. By Professor Hoppus. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
 Juvenile Forget-me-Not for 1837. 12mo. 8s.
 The Christian Keepsake for 1837. 15s.
 Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book. 1837. 8s.
 Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book, 1837. 21s.
 Discourses on the Grand Subjects of the Gospel. By Wm. Oram. 12mo. 5s.
 Scripture References. By C. Leckie. 12mo. 6d.
 A New Italian Triglot Grammar in French and English. By Doca. 12mo. 7s.
 The Son of Duplicity, royal 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 The Gleaner. 32mo. 1s. 6d.
 Guide to Bury St. Edmunds. 12mo. 4s.
 Astoria. By Washington Irving. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 White's Tithe Act. Second Edition, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Sir Thomas Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems. 4to. 21s.
 Elkington on the Human Skeleton. Fcp. 7s.
 Beauties of Gilsland. Royal 12mo. 3s.
 Showell's Housekeeper's Account Book, 1837. 4to. 2s.

- The Diary of a Désennuyée. 2 vols. post 8vo. Second Edition, 21s.
 Two Months at Kilkee. By Mary Knott. 12mo. 6s.
 Scottish Christian Herald. 8vo. Vol. I. Part I. 4s.
 Manning's Proceedings in the Court of Revision. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
 Leslie's (Miss) One Hundred and Fifty Receipts for Pastry, Cakes, and Sweetmeats, 12mo. 2s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

WE perceive that the volume of "THE BOOK OF GEMS, for 1837," which has just appeared completes the design of giving specimens of one hundred British Artists and one hundred British Poets; it is embellished even in a more costly manner than the preceding volume, and is incomparably superior to any of the illustrated works so plentiful at this season of the year.

The author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," has just put forth a new work, which must create a considerable sensation: it is entitled, "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," and contains much new and original information on many subjects of great interest.

The title of the Countess of Blessington's new novel is, "THE VICTIM OF SOCIETY," it may be expected in the course of the month.

The forthcoming edition of "MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE," much enlarged and improved, will be embellished with the ARMS OF THE PEERS, beautifully engraved, and incorporated with the text.

"THE STATE PRISONER, A TALE OF THE FRENCH REGENCY," is just ready for publication; it is said to be the production of the Hon. Miss M. L. Boyle.

The success of Captain Marryat's "MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY," is almost unprecedented; the inimitable Peter Simple scarcely circulated more extensively.

Mr. Henry Bulwer's Pamphlet, "THE LORDS, THE GOVERNMENT, AND THE COUNTRY," has already reached a fifth Edition.

Miss Mitford has nearly completed for the Press a new work of Fiction; it may be expected within the next two months.

A second volume of "Sayings worth Hearing, and Secrets worth Knowing." By the Author of "Streams of Knowledge from the Fountain of Wisdom," &c. &c. Also, a third edition of the first volume.

Kidd's Comic Scrap Book for 1837; a Parlour Portfolio of unique Engravings, from the pencils of George and Robert Cruikshank, and the late Robert Seymour; engraved in the first style by Thompson, Williams, Slader, &c. &c.

Mr. Hood, as usual, has announced his forthcoming "Comic Annual" with infinite humour, by a Protocol, addressed to his publishers.

Paynell; or, the Disappointed Man.

The Book of Christmas for 1837; descriptive of the Customs, Ceremonies, Traditions, Superstitions, Fun, Feeling, and Festivities of the Christmas Season, will appear with the forthcoming Annuals for the new Year.

A new Annual, entitled "The Sacred Album," with splendid embossed embellishments by Messrs. Rock, is announced for publication in November. It is also calculated to serve all the purposes of an album.

"The Botanist," No. I. By Professor Henslow and B. Maund, F.L.S.

The original edition of the Antiquities of Athens, by the celebrated Stuart, is now in course of publication, so arranged that each Edifice is complete in one Part or Number; with brief explanations of the Engravings. By this means the student can obtain the first authority in any particular order of Grecian architecture, separate from the rest of a work of twenty-four guineas value, and now become very scarce.

FINE ARTS.

Ariel. Engraved by F. BACON, from the original Portrait painted by E. T. PARRIS.

Not to feel a great degree of enthusiasm on a view of this admirable production of the fine arts must evince either an apathy towards the beautiful, or a deficiency

of taste that, we trust, is no longer to be found among the educated classes of England. This portrait is one of the clearest specimens of the line manner of engraving that ever was produced by the burin, and shows how far superior this elaborate method must always be to every other. The attitude of the lady is light, graceful, and spiritualized. It is true that the feet of this gentle being greet the earth, but it is only with the greeting of a kiss. The ground beneath her is not necessary to her; she touches it but to do it at once a grace and an honour. The face is eminently beautiful, and the proportion of the figure perfect. If, to prove that we are nice judges of matters of this sort, we were compelled to mention what was least perfect in this almost perfect production, we should mention the hair. Its form and the disposition of its flowing tresses are admirable, but the hair itself seems a little too hard and wiry in its texture;—but this is really hypercriticism. The drapery is peculiarly light and appropriate: the figure seems clothed in a mist of glory manufactured into a garment by the gentlest hands of the young ladies belonging to the establishment of *la gentille Madame Carson*. Altogether, it is that sort of poetical creation of the beautiful on which it is happy to cast the eyes the first moment of awakening in the morning in order to secure a day of blissful associations.

A Series of Heads after the Antique, illustrative of the Ideal Beauty of the Greeks, and designed as a Drawing Book for advanced Pupils, accompanied by descriptive Letter-press. Drawn and lithographed by BENJAMIN RICHARD GREEN.

This useful publication appears but at long intervals, and has now reached no farther than the fifth number, containing the heads and busts of a marine god, a bearded Bacchus, and the Venus of Melos, with several smaller outlines of statues. They are all well drawn and finely grained, forming appropriate and beautiful patterns for chalk and pencil drawings. Independently of the skill that will be necessarily acquired in copying these, the student will obtain a high and a right feeling for classic beauty, and if his genius be but the least above common-place, he will ever after be an elegant artist. The study of the purely beautiful must always elevate and improve; and feeling the importance of this truism, we recommend this work to youth, and to those who have the direction of the studies of youth.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—The tragedy of *Werner* is now seldom read or noticed by even Lord Byron's most enthusiastic admirers: we trust it is not heresy to think that had it not been for the popularity and great talents of Macready, and the influence of his lordship's name, any judicious audience would have pronounced it "weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," the first night of its representation. The publication of *Werner* exhibits, perhaps, more than any of his productions, Lord Byron's fatal propensity of wishing to be ever before that public which he affected to despise so much. As a poem, this drama has scarcely any pretensions to merit; invention it has none: the story is not only taken from the "*Canterbury Tales*," but frequently Miss Lee's very words are measured off into ten feet per line, with this drawback, that the excellent moral inculcated by Miss Lee is almost lost sight of by her noble plagiarist: the plot, which is well calculated for dramatic effect, is weakly developed, and the catastrophe wound up after the fashion of *George Barnwell*; the old stale trick of making the parties tell one another the events of their past lives is resorted to, the attention is too much directed to Gabor, a most nondescript personage, who constantly leads us to expect a mysterious grandeur, which dwindles down to the character of a common-place informer; while the intervention of the police is to be called in to dispose of the principal offender Ulric; the only addition to Miss Lee's story by Lord Byron, is the introduction of Ida, a young lady, who is possessed of the very original desire of an early marriage; and in order to give her an opportunity of exhibiting her hysteric powers, she is made to form an attachment to her father's murderer, a cold-hearted, reckless villain, who must have disgusted any female possessed of sensibility and refinement. The versification in *Werner* ex-

hibits all Lord Byron's worst faults, redeemed by very few of his characteristic beauties; it is without vigour, poor, and unfinished; every tenth line ends with a preposition or a conjunction; and the blank verse is too frequently a mere transmutation of prose, or as Dr. Maginn severely said, "as plain prose as a turnpike act." Among the few beauties in this play, (the fine scene between Werner and his son, where the former palliates his crime, is given almost in the words of Miss Lee,) the apostrophe of Idenstein to the diamond, with which he is bribed, will take the first rank, but even this is far from being one of Byron's happiest effusions.

How then is it, it may be naturally asked, that *Werner* is successful on the stage? Lord Byron professed not to write for dramatic representation; nay, he went so far as to assert that his plays could not be produced on the stage; the admirers of Byron—and who is there that does not admire him to a certain extent?—were anxious to add one more laurel to his lordship's brow, and give an additional proof of their own discrimination; thus the announcement of *Werner* was hailed with enthusiasm, and any expression of adverse opinion as to its merits at the time, was denounced as heterodoxy.

Werner too was brought forward under favourable auspices: the judgment and talents of Macready were embarked, and most materially aided, in its success. Colley Cibber, in his *Life*, remarks, "that there cannot be a stronger proof of the charms of harmonious elocution, than the many even unnatural scenes and flights of the false sublime it has lifted into applause," and he illustrates this remark by the fate of Nat. Lee's "*Alexander the Great*," which play, so full of fustian and turgid rant, was "blown into a blaze of admiration" by the acting of Betterton, but which, since then, has never been able to impose upon the public, or become a stock piece.

Such—when the enthusiasm for Byron becomes rational, and Macready no longer performs the hero of the piece—will, we predict, be the fate of *Werner*; how soon we care not. After these remarks, any lengthened criticism on the performance of this tragedy, as revived at this theatre, would be misplaced. The cast of the characters, although not so strong as when first produced, was efficient, with the exception, we are rather surprised to say, of Mr. H. Wallack's Ulric. Either Mr. Wallack does not like the part, or does not understand the character; he appeared not to know what he was about. Mr. G. Bennett's representation of Gabor, although marred by his usual defects of enunciation and manner, was a sensible piece of acting, and without that pretension which is too often to be observed in his performances. In seeing Macready play *Werner*, we always imagine that he has studied Mrs. Lee's *Kruitzner* more deeply than Byron's hero: the agonies he displays on the recollection of his crime, are more strongly marked by him than the tragedy warrants, particularly in the scene where Ulric retaliates on him the sophistical arguments he himself had formerly urged in defence of his own error.

Shakspeare's historical plays have been, and let us trust ever will be, favourites with the people of England, illustrating, as they do, some of the most interesting events in the history of our country; for although the incidents of these plays are seldom such as to create feelings of respect or admiration towards the principal characters, yet the manly sentiments, and the accurate and spirited descriptions of our manners, morality, and institutions, they contain, the enthusiasm with which the glory and honour of England is upheld, the truly, but not circumscribed, national feeling they inculcate, and the sound principles of political action they lay down,

This England never did, (nor never shall,)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself,

excite in our minds a conscious pride of our country, and an enthusiastic admiration of the poet who has dramatised her history. Notwithstanding this pride and admiration, we cannot be satisfied with the representation of Shakspeare's historical plays: the events they treat of are to us full of grandeur and interest; they are not only occurrences which circumstances might have brought about, but realities to which we now, in a great measure, owe our moral and political greatness; they are not the offspring of the poet's dream; not the conjuring up of fancy, but irrevocable good or ill; the actual truth of particular events; the land which we now inhabit is the scene of these stories; the people from whom we are sprung are the performers in these narrations; we have in them too deep an interest to behold with satisfaction

the great battles which have decided the fate of England, arbitrated by some twenty mock combatants on the dramatic stage, or the pomp and greatness of our ancient kings represented by the glitter and tinsel of a theatrical wardrobe. Other plays of Shakspeare may be unsuited for the stage, from the impossibility of the actor realising the passions developed, but the historical dramas fail from the impossibility of portraying the events commemorated. Thus the artist may fully represent the position and actions of his character, but the story which vanity and national feeling have perhaps magnified, is presented to us on the stage as if through a powerful conclave lens. Such were the feelings produced by witnessing the performance of *King John*, the representation of which, however, does infinite credit to the management of this theatre. King John is certainly one of Mr. Macready's most successful characters. What must strike every person in Macready's acting is the reverence he has for his author. Shakspeare has made this cowardly and contemptible monarch anything but a prominent character in the play, that he might not disgust the spectator too much by his manners and cruelty. Macready on no one occasion ever thrusts the tyrant beyond the line drawn by the poet; he throws about him no intellectual grandeur or strength of mind; he excites no feeling but loathing and hatred. In the scene in which King John suggests to Hubert the murder of Prince Arthur, Macready forces us to forget the cold-blooded cruelty of the suggestion in the contempt he creates for the cowardice of the suggestion;—it is a master-piece of dramatic skill. The mean joy he shows on learning that Arthur is not killed is finely contrasted with his terror of the consequences of the supposed murder. The whole performance is as a fine specimen of the necessary effects of the cold and selfish policy of cowardice as can be realised on the stage. Falconbridge, the favourite character of Shakspeare in this play, has always been one of Mr. C. Kemble's most successful performances. He is the very personification of raillery and insolence; his volubility of tongue is only equalled by his forwardness of action; "he makes his enemies feel the sharpness of his blows, and the sting of his sarcasms at the same time;" while the denunciations he hurls against Hubert over the dead body of Arthur exhibit the generosity of an honourable mind. It is impossible to surpass the fine burst of ridicule and contempt which Mr. C. Kemble makes against Austria, and that without any stage trick of action belonging to commonplace actors. Miss H. Faucitt is most unfortunate in her choice of characters; she is occasionally effective in the passions of youth, but she is suited neither by age or abilities to perform Lady Constance: she has not tenderness to adorn the character of the mother, nor dignity to grace the action of the princess. In Lady Constance, the succeeding passions of hope, fear, and despair, are crowned by "that love of misery,"—death. Miss Faucitt mistakes melancholy for grief, and resolves tenderness into hysteric sobs. In the whole range of dramatic literature there is nothing that surpasses this portrait of Constance; all the vicissitudes of human life coalesce to destroy her; to the fickleness of friends is added the injustice of fortune; her wrongs as a princess are surpassed by her griefs as a mother; we know not whether to admire most her determination of purpose in asserting her son's rights, the dignity of her answer to Philip, her indignant reproaches to Austria, her successful appeal to the Dauphin, or her uncontrollable affliction for the wrongs of "her pretty Arthur." Lengthened and most profound study, and deep acquaintance with the human heart, are indispensable to success in this character, and yet Miss Faucitt, young, with twelve months' knowledge of the stage, and a few weeks' preparation, attempts it, and is rewarded with a failure:—applause is not always success. The greatest praise that the manager of this house can receive is, in mentioning some of the performances; such as, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *King John*, *Othello*, *Ion*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Clandestine Marriage*, and *The Provoked Husband*, and the performers by whom these plays have been supported, Macready, Kemble, Vandenhoff, Farren, Webster, Mrs. Glover, and Miss Faucitt. The new tragedy, by Bulwer, which is announced, is highly spoken of.

DRURY LANE.—The introduction of Mr. Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, in an American play, to the British stage, so long the subject of speculation in theatrical circles, has at length been brought about by the laudable exertions of Mr. Willis Jones, at Drury Lane. It is impossible to speak in terms of great praise of *The Gladiator*—the name of the tragedy in which Mr. Forrest made his debut. Although written in blank verse, the language of this play is neither poetical nor choice; the author appears cramped in his versification, from a deficiency of words, and occasionally attaches meanings to some, which are not recognised on this side

of the Atlantic; there are, however, some fine descriptive passages, in which Dr. Bird appears to excel, which are extremely beautiful, particularly the contrast between the state of Thrace before the invasion, and her condition after the conquest of the Romans. The plot of the tragedy, which is the Roman story of the gladiators under Spartacus, is a powerful and stirring tale, full of action and opportunities for situation, but is detailed in somewhat an incoherent and melodramatic manner, and the catastrophe wound up in a deluge of blood more suited for Sadler's Wells than this theatre. The character of the hero, Spartacus, is preserved throughout the drama with admirable consistency, and the severity and roughness of the courageous and discerning barbarian are exquisitely softened down by some fine touches of connubial and parental affection. Mr. Forrest, the new candidate for British fame, has great natural requisites for an actor; he is endowed with a symmetrical and exceedingly robust person, is possessed of a very powerful, and rather melodious voice, to which may be added, a handsome, although by no means an expressive face, and a dignified and natural manner. His chief merit as an actor, so far as one representation will enable us to judge, consists in a complete freedom from the mannerism and stage tricks for effect, too often to be observed in our actors. His enunciation is simple and easy, neither marred by drawling or affectation, nor painful from rant or noise. His action, also, is plain and natural, without any consequential strut, or lengthened attitudes. In wild bursts of frenzy and passion, Mr. Forrest is exceedingly energetic and effective, but in tenderness and pathos is somewhat deficient. While there is an evenness and consistency in his acting, there is at the same time a great monotony. Mr. Forrest never allowed the attention of the audience to flag for a single moment, yet we doubt whether he ever awakened any great sympathy for his character; he created pleasure and satisfaction with the entire performance, but left no passages of surpassing excellence fixed for ever in the memory; he pleased without deeply exciting the passions. There is more study and good taste in Mr. Forrest's performance than genius. Although we consider Mr. Forrest by no means equal to at least three of our established favourites, yet his engagement at the present time is a great acquisition to the British stage, and we trust he will long continue to enjoy the applause which he has met with on the metropolitan boards. Our remarks are the result of first impressions, and may be modified on Mr. Forrest's appearance in those tests of dramatic skill, Shakspeare's plays.

THE ADELPHI.—The audience of this theatre is again enlivened by their favourite, Mr. John Reeve, whose sojourn in America, although it has diminished his bulk, has not lessened his love of humour and fun. Jack Reeve, as his admirers familiarly call him, is one of those persons whose acting it is impossible to criticise; he is too often gross, sometimes takes liberties with the house, is at times imperfect in his part, but the spectator overlooks all these faults in his jokes, his queer faces, his comic bustle about the stage, in his perfect delineations of low-life characters, of London slang. His sense of the ridiculous of Cockney manners and customs is exquisite: go down by steam to Gravesend, or up to Richmond, on a summer Sunday, you will meet a dozen originals of Reeve's characters, from which he culls the sweets that are sipped at the Adelphi theatre. Buckstone supports Reeve admirably; his representation of a mean, helpless, or cowardly character, is irresistibly ludicrous—so completely master of his face, and so helpless in his limbs. The voice, which may be well said to be his fortune, of Mr. O. Smith, is nightly raised in support of villainy and horror, while the dry humour and quiet acting of Wilkinson, are a fine contrast to the hearty jokes and boisterous humour of his friend Reeve. When to these performers we add Mrs. Yates, whose delineations of female passions and character, in despite of a tinge of mannerism, are not surpassed by any actors now on the stage, Miss Tree being in America, and the indefatigable exertions of her husband, the manager, we cannot wonder at this being a popular house.

VICTORIA THEATRE.—We are very glad to be able to state, that lately there has been a great accession of power to the already very efficient strength of this handsome theatre. The pieces now acting there are all good, and the *Muleteer's Vow* has had a most decided success. We hope and confidently trust that Mr. Levy will reap the reward due to his liberal exertions.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE have but little to remark on this subject, excepting that large mercantile operations have been paralyzed by the uncertain state of the Money Market; and that the mania for railroads and other speculations, seems to have taken the direction of Joint Stock Bank Companies. Our manufactories are doing well, and notwithstanding the disadvantages under which we labour, our shipping appears to be greatly on the increase.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 26th of October.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 206 one-half.—Consols for Account, 88 three-eighths.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 87 seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 96 three-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 1 d.—India Bonds, 5 p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Regency, Five per Cent., 54 three-quarters.—Columbian Bonds, 1824, 23.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 53 three-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 20 three-eighths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—At the early part of last month, (October,) money again became plentiful, owing to the sale of stock; and the rate of discount on banker's bills was $4\frac{1}{2}$; the fall in the price of Consols from 92 to 88, brought, very naturally, many buyers into the market, who had been waiting for months for an opportunity like this. There was still a scarcity of gold, the decrease of bullion in the bank, in the short space of three months, being to the amount of nearly three millions. Spanish and Portuguese stock tumbling down almost to nothing. About the 8th of the month, Consols were still at 88, and everything abroad and at home looked threatening, gold still scarce, and the Bank of England and Ireland rose their discounts to 5 per cent. However, the revenue of the country was found to have increased materially. Up to the 15th the same indications of distress in the Money Market were apparent, and it was rumoured that the national banks intended to increase the per centage in discounts to 6 or $6\frac{1}{2}$; but as a relief to this state of gloominess, the revenue continues to increase. From the quarterly account just published, it seems that on the year ended the 10th of October, 1837, there is an increase of 2,727,693*l.*, and on the quarter an increase of no less than 1,026,852*l.* The great increase is in the Customs, being no less than 999,799*l.* in the quarter. In the Excise, though there is on the year an increase of 606,976*l.*, there is on the quarter a decrease of 145,346*l.* In the Stamps the quarter's increase is 73,537*l.* In the Post-office the increase on the quarter is 27,000*l.* The most sanguine anticipations of improvement in the revenue have hitherto been exceeded.

The Money Market suddenly assumed a much better appearance on the 22nd, Consols having advanced 1 per cent. The official monthly statement of the Bank circulation and stock of bullion during the quarter ending on the 25th October (which includes the demand for gold made by the receivers of the October dividends) is highly satisfactory, showing that the store of gold has not been reduced much below five millions, and perhaps the return of a portion of the coin so drawn out has raised the amount to above five millions by this time. The Directors seem to have shrunk from the responsibility and obloquy of maintaining the increased pressure for money which we described in our last publication. They persisted in withdrawing the loans on the deposit of securities on Thursday, but they counter-acted the effect of this by greatly increasing the amount issued upon discounts. With respect to the advance in Consols, it was remarked, that the Hebrews were exceedingly active in operating to advance the quotations; the Government also purchased Exchequer Bills, and the increased facility in discounting at the Bank

dispelled the gloom which previously existed. It seemed to be understood among the Jews that some plan had been concocted between the Bank and the dealers in Foreign Bills to alter the state of the exchange here by operations in the Money Market at Paris and elsewhere. For the present, however, the exportation of the precious metals is unchecked; the danger of a panic in the United States remains impending; the London and provincial newspapers teem with new schemes for joint-stock companies; and the issuers of private Bank paper continue to multiply their notes and make the most of the high rate of interest obtainable on dubious bills. The screw, therefore, will again be applied by the Bank.

In the Foreign Market Spanish Bonds have been greatly depressed, owing to the nonpayment of the dividend, and the success of the Carlist chiefs. Portuguese Bonds have likewise fallen; for if Carlos should succeed, the throne of Donna Maria will totter.

The above was the state of the funds on the 27th.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM SEPTEMBER 27, TO OCTOBER 21, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 27.—C. P. Chapman, Cornhill, metal broker.—M. Priest, Reading, Berkshire, nurseryman.—S. Shepherd, Richmond, milliner.—G. Cowell, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, hatter.—J. Lashmar, Brighthelmstone, Sussex, merchant.—A. W. and J. Oxley, Sheffield, iron founders.—W. Foster, Hollinwood, Lancashire, manufacturer.—R. Hodgkinson, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.

Sept. 30.—J. Appleton, Three Crown Square, Southwark, hop merchant.—T. Wells, Mincing Lane, sugar broker.—C. E. Dibsdel, Marylebone Lane, grocer.—C. Dumbrell, Brighton, grocer.—C. Challenger, Bristol, linen draper.—W. Rowe, Truro, grocer.—W. Young, Bath, pawnbroker.

Oct. 4.—J. Mason, Cornwall Place, Holloway, coal merchant.—T. C. Andrews, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, coal merchant.—W. Nettleton, George Street, Hanover Square, tailor.—W. Hawkins and C. Smith, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builders.—J. Ecroyd, Liverpool, tea dealer.—R. Parkinson, Farsley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Buckle, Walton Hill, Gloucestershire, cattle dealer.

Oct. 7.—S. Coxhead, Westminster Bridge Road, oilman.—W. Houston, Crane Court, Fleet Street, printer.—M. Hobling, Elizabeth Street, Pimlico, carpenter.—G. Wheeldon, Wood Street, City, laceman.

Oct. 11.—J. G. Lynch and J. Kite, Macclesfield Wharf, New North Road, coal merchants.—T. Wigginton, Sheerness, Kent, jeweller.—R. Tennant, Goswell Street, St. Luke's, licensed victualler.—J. Whiting, Birmingham, stationer.—W. Sheppard, Hoxne, Suffolk,

cattle salesman.—C. Weall, Preston, Lancashire, draper.

Oct. 14.—J. Bennett, Three Tun Passage, Newgate Street, bookseller.—G. R. Nayler, Exmouth Street, Spa Fields, grocer.—W. May, Fenchurch Street, merchant.—G. Topham, Richmond, Surrey, coal merchant.—T. P. Birks and G. Grundy, Bury, Lancashire, manufacturers of oil of vitriol.—J. Robins, Portsea, wollen-draper.—W. Thompson, H. Leonard, and R. B. Dawes, Ashted, Warwickshire, manufacturers.—T. Holt and E. Howard, Birtle-cum-Bamford, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—I. Knight and J. Martin, Manchester, corn merchants.

Oct. 18.—C. Butler, Tunbridge Wells, ware manufacturer.—J. Ablitt, Silver Street, City, haberdasher.—D. Davis, Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell, oilman.—W. W. Mansell, Birch Lane, bill-broker.—T. Scott, Watling Street, wine merchant.—J. Catt, Tunbridge Wells, ironmonger.—S. Holt, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, coal merchant.—J. McGregor, Over Darwen, Lancashire, calico printer.—J. Wilkes, Cheltenham, builder.—W. Newstead, Thetford, Norfolk.—B. Walker, Sheffield, cabinet maker.—J. Edmer, Preston, Lancashire, hop merchant.

Oct. 21.—R. W. Smart, Aldermanbury, cloth factor.—S. Ratcliffe, Faversham, Kent, bookseller.—W. Satchwell, Birmingham, victualler.—J. Walker, Leeds, cloth merchant.—A. Milns, Rochdale, Lancashire, dyer.—H. Skerritt, Manchester, cabinet maker.—L. Lomas, Sheffield, grocer.—J. Marsden, Manchester, corn dealer.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1836.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Sept.					
23	63-50	29.92-29.85	W. b. S.	.125	Generally cloudy, rain in the morning.
24	67-51	30.05-30.01	W. b. S.	.1	Generally clear.
25	68-50	30.10-30.04	W. b. S.		Generally clear.
26	67-56	30.06-29.90	W. b. S.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
27	65-55	29.76-29.75	W. b. S.		Generally cloudy.
28	58-49	29.65-29.53	S. b. W.	.05	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
29	60-49	29.28-29.26	N. & N. b. W.	.55	Generally cloudy, with frequent rain.
30	52-42	29.50-29.32	W. b. S.	.4	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
Oct.					
1	53-36	29.38-29.04	S. E.	.125	Cloudy, with rain.
2	52-39	29.29-29.15	W. b. S.	.375	Gen. clear, a few drops of rain in the afternoon.
3	50-41	29.35-28.86	W. b. S.	.375	Generally clear, except the morning, a little rain.
4	53-30	29.51-29.41	W. b. S.		Generally clear.
5	55-32	29.88-29.72	W. b. S.		Generally clear, except the morning.
6	57-36	29.82-29.58	E. b. S.	.025	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
7	60-51	29.45-29.37	S. E. & N. b. S.	.9	Generally cloudy, with rain.
8	58-52	29.35-29.33	S. b. W.	.275	Cloudy, with a little rain in the afternoon.
9	55-43	29.36-29.31	S. W.	.125	Generally clear.
10	58-46	29.33-29.26	S. b. E.	.1	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
11	57-51	29.34-29.12	W. b. S.	.525	Generally clear.
12	57-42	29.51-29.32	S. W.		Generally clear, except the aft. a shower of rain.
13	60-48	29.35-29.05	S. W.	.075	Generally cloudy, with rain.
14	58-50	29.87-29.62	S. W. & S. b. E.	.025	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
15	61-48	29.86-29.77	S. W.	.0125	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
16	59-40	30.13-30.11	E. b. S.	.1125	Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
17	63-48	30.10-30.09	E. b. S.		Generally cloudy, with rain in the evening.
18	63-52	30.07-30.05	S. b. W.		Generally cloudy.
19	59-51	30.29-30.09	W. b. N.	.125	Generally clear.
20	56-32	30.34-30.28	N. E.		Generally clear.
21	54-36	30.23-30.21	S. E.		Generally clear, except the morning.
22	55-41	30.30-30.29	E. b. S.		Generally clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

R. Griffiths, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Machine Maker, and J. Gold, of the same place, Glass Cutter, for certain improvements in machinery for grinding, smoothing, and polishing plate glass, window glass, marble, slate, and stone, and also glass vessels, and glass spangles and drops. September 1st, 6 months.

J. Pickersgill, of Coleman Street, in the city of London, Merchant, for improvements in preparing, and in applying India-rubber (caoutchouc) to fabrics. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 1st, 6 months.

J. Surrey, of York House, in the parish of Battersea, in the county of Surrey, Miller, for a new application of a principle by which mechanical power may be obtained or applied. September 1st, 4 months.

W. Bush, of Wormwood Street, Bishopsgate Within, in the city of London, Surveyor and Engineer, for improvements in the means of, and in the apparatus for,

building and working under water, part of which improvements are applicable for other purposes. September 3rd, 6 months.

C. Farina, of No. 7, Clarendon Place, Maida Vale, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improved mashing apparatus. September 15th, 6 months.

W. H. Cox, of Bedminster, near Bristol, Tanner, for an improvement or improvements in tanning hides and skins. September 15th, 6 months.

J. F. W. Hempel, of Oranienburg, in the kingdom of Prussia, but now of Clapham, Surrey, Officer of Engineers, and H. Blundell, of Hull, Yorkshire, Paint and Colour Manufacturer, for an improved method of operating upon certain vegetable and animal substances in the process of manufacturing candles therefrom. Communicated by F. Hempel, of Oranienburg, aforesaid, deceased. September 15th, 6 months.

J. Bates, of Bishopsgate Street, in the city of London, Merchant, for improved apparatus or machinery for making metal hinges. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 15th, 6 months.

P. A. Tealdi, formerly of Mendovi, Piedmont, but now residing in Manchester, Lancashire, Merchant, for a new extract or vegetable acid obtained from substances not hitherto used for that purpose, which may be employed in various processes of manufacture, and in culinary or other useful purposes, together with the process of obtaining the same. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 15th, 6 months.

W. Bates, of Leicester, Fuller and Dresser, for improvements in the manufacture of reels for reeling cotton. September 16th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the description of public vehicles called cabs. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 21st, 6 months.

W. Crofts, of Radford, Nottinghamshire, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for making bobbin-net lace, also called twist net or lace, part of which improvements are for the purpose of making figured or ornamented bobbin-net lace, or figured or ornamented twist lace. September 22nd, 6 months.

R. Jupe, of New Bond Street, Middlesex, Cabinet Maker, for improvements in apparatus applicable to book and other shelves. September 22nd, 6 months.

H. V. Wart, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Gentleman, and S. A. Goddard, of the same place, Merchant, for certain improvements in locomotive steam-engines and carriages, parts of which improvements are applicable to ordinary steam-engines, and to other purposes. September 22nd, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Halifax, Yorkshire, Dyer, for certain improvements in machinery for dressing worsted and other woven fabrics. September 22nd, 6 months.

Married.—At the residence of the Minister of H. B. Majesty, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Viscount Fincastle, eldest son of the Earl of Dunmore, to Catherine, fourth daughter of the late Earl of Pembroke.

Capt. Francis Gould, of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, to Agneta, youngest daughter of the late William Henry Beauchamp, Esq., of Forthampton.

At Boulston, Pembrokeshire, Lieut.-Colonel Wedgwood, Scots Fusilier Guards, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Charles Tyler, G.C.B., of Cotrell, Glamorganshire.

Thomas Wathen Waller, Esq., eldest son of Sir Wathen Waller, of Pope's Villa, Twickenham, Bart., and G.C.H., to Catherine, eldest daughter of the Rev. Henry Wise.

L. M. Murray Prior, Esq., of the 12th Royal Lancers, to Letitia, only daughter of J. W. Unett, Esq. of the Woodlands, Warwickshire.

Died.—At the Island of Guernsey, in the 80th year of his age, Admiral the Right Hon. Lord de Saumarez, G.C.B.

At Paris, John Lewis Fleming, of Old Brompton, Esq., and Baron Fleming, in France.

Aged 66, Colonel John Watling, of Hill House, Gloucestershire.

At Manor House, Deptford, in the 70th year of his age, John Hillman, Esq.

At Henley-upon-Thames, George Herbert, Esq., of his Majesty's Treasury, in the 58th year of his age.

At Blackheath, Charles Wray, late Chief Justice of British Guiana.

At Binfield Park, Lady Walsh, widow of the late, and mother of the present Sir John Walsh, Bart., aged 78.

At Belton House, near Grantham, Anna Maria, eldest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Henry and Lady Anna Maria Cust, aged 19.